

Three Liars

A Story For Easter

By F. A. MITCHEL

When our troops came home from Cuba and, nearly all sick, were unloaded from transports on the eastern end of Long Island the camps that held them were thronged with persons who had come to find relatives or friends. One of these, an old lady with an anxious look on her face, stopped at a tent before which sat an officer in a camp chair and asked in a tremulous voice:

"Can you tell me if my boy has come?"

The officer rose, took off his hat respectfully and said:

"What regiment did your boy belong to, madam?"

"He was with the —th Pennsylvania."

"Come with me, and I will see if I can get the information you wish."

He led the way to a tent wherein an officer was writing.

"Make your inquiries here," he said and left her.

"I'm trying to find my boy, Henry Ashurst," said the old lady.

The officer looked serious. He remembered having the name of Henry Ashurst on a list of killed and wounded.

He hunted in his desk for a certain paper and when he found it ran his eye over the list of names. His expression became still more serious, but he bent his face down so that it was concealed under the rim of his hat. He had found the name of Henry Ashurst, but had not the heart to tell the mother what list it was in.

"Your son hasn't come very well yet, madam. He wasn't very well when the last transport sailed."

"Do you know what his trouble was?" asked the old lady, tears starting into her eyes.

"Some of those fevers they have down there, I believe."

"Is he very ill?"

"Well, I couldn't tell you about that. There's the regimental surgeon's tent over there; you might inquire of him."

The old lady walked feebly over to the tent designated, found the surgeon and asked the same questions she had asked the adjutant. The doctor looked down upon the anxious face and turned toward just as the other had done.

"Henry Ashurst," he said as if trying to recollect. "There was a soldier in the hospital of that name, I think, but I can't exactly recall his case."

"Was he very sick?"

"Oh, no; not very sick. I think it was a simple flesh wound in the leg."

"Do you think he will come on the next transport?"

"No doubt of it, madam; no doubt of it."

The old lady went away. The adjutant saw her go and walked over to the surgeon.

"I couldn't do my duty by that old lady, could you? I found his name on a list of mortally wounded. I told his mother he had a fever."

"I remembered him in the hospital as one for whom there was no hope of recovery. I lied about it too. I told his mother he had a slight flesh wound. I only know what I have told you, so I took the benefit of the doubt."

Every day the old lady visited the camp, and every day the adjutant and surgeon either told her more lies or repeated the old ones. The ship bearing her son never came to Montauk Point, and when the last tent was struck she ceased her visits and her inquiries.

The winter passed and no one had the courage to tell the mother that her boy would not come back to her. They all excused themselves on the ground that no record of the death and burial of Private Henry Ashurst had been found. But when the war closed every one connected with the army was in a hurry to get away from the heat, the sickness, the death attending an army in a tropical climate in summer.

Until some one would assure her that her son was dead the poor mother hoped. She was very religious and prayed fervently that her boy might be restored to her. One morning in April when the sun, shining warm, was opening the leaves typifying the resurrection shortly to be celebrated at Easter the old lady went to her rector and said she had a feeling that Henry would come home on Easter Sunday.

"Do you think," she said, "that this feeling has been sent me by Providence?"

"Quite likely," was the reply. "I believe that Providence often sends us forecasts of what is about to happen."

He had no more doubt that Henry Ashurst's bones were moldering in Cuba than that the earth turned on its axis.

"I'm so glad you think so," added the mother, moving away, while the clergyman looked after her, not knowing whether to consider himself a liar or one who had done a kindness.

At dawn on Easter morning there was a loud rapping on the door of Mr. Ashurst's house.

"He's come!" she said, getting out of bed, and without stopping to put on a wrapper she went downstairs, opened the door and was clasped in the arms of her son.

"Oh, Harry, where have you been all this time?"

"I was left in Cuba. When I got well I had forgotten who I was. Since then I have been going about as another person. Some time ago a surgeon removed a piece of my skull, and here I am."



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OYSTER SHELLS.

Once Little Valued, They Are Now a Boon to Oyster Growers.

Ten years ago any stranger could spot the shore location of an oyster fishery by means of the mammoth piles of oyster shells. These were heaped up on the shore in great stacks sometimes from thirty to forty feet in height. These shells were considered of little value. In many places they were actually given away and they were used to be crushed up and spread over road beds and they were also burned in order to get the lime from them.

Today these piles have disappeared and if you wanted a ton or so of them you would have to pay a pretty good price, simply because the owners want to dump them back into the sea.

There used to be a great deal of difficulty in preparing oyster beds for breeding purposes. Then it was discovered that the best possible breeding place for the embryo oysters was on the smooth inside surface of the adult oyster shells, and so every year the shells from the shucked oysters are taken out and scattered over the beds. The baby oysters attach themselves to these surfaces and thrive mightily.

There are experts today who know nothing of fishing for oysters or marketing them, but who devote all their time to the preparation of artificial oyster beds. This has become a recognized part of the industry. After the shells have been properly spread over the bottom of the water the spawn is liberated upon them and they are left to fight their own battles with the crabs, periwinkles, starfish and other enemies.—Boston Herald.

SALUTED BY A SONG.

Jenny Lind's Graceful Tribute to Our National Flag.

There is a pretty story told of the honor Jenny Lind once paid to the American flag. It was when she was in New York, more than sixty years ago. The frigate St. Lawrence had just returned from a cruise, and the midshipman went to hear the Swedish nightingale sing at Castle Garden theater, and the next day they called on her in a body. Their enthusiasm and her graciousness soon brought about a visit to the ship and the acceptance of a luncheon tendered her. When she was about to leave the ship she looked up at the stars and stripes and said:

"I wish to salute your flag."

So, standing on the gangway, she sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Silently from all over the ship men gathered with uncovered heads until the ship's family were all assembled on deck. Nor were they her only audience, for borne upon the still air her song had been heard by many other vessels near by, and when the wondrous voice ceased steamers blew their whistles and exultant cheers rose from all sides, filling the harbor with their tribute of applause for the beloved artist and of loyal reverence for the flag she had so beautifully saluted.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

EXERCISE AND EATING.

Remember That a Tired Stomach is a Weak Stomach.

A good dinner at night is necessary for those whose pleasure or work keeps them up very late. But for ordinary folk, who dine at 6 or 7 and go to bed about 10:30, only a light, wholesome repast should be taken at the end of the day, when muscles or nerves are more or less exhausted, says a physician.

A "tired stomach is a weak stomach" is a golden rule to remember. Yet how often one hears people say: "I've been rushing about all day, and am tired to death. I must have a big meal to make up for it!" You may put the big meal into the stomach, but you cannot make the stomach digest it.

A belief lives strong in the hearts and minds of the majority of mankind, including persons of weak digestion, that a quick brisk walk taken before a meal gets up an appetite and helps the stomach digest the food. Now, this is exactly what it doesn't do. Exercise spreads the blood through the body. The old fashioned midday dinner is not a bad thing.—Washington Star.

Japanese Gardeners.

Artist gardeners in Japan earn large salaries. They are required to twist and direct young trees and vines until they assume the shapes of various animals.

Ambiguous.

Mrs. Ere—How does your cook take it when you go into the kitchen and tell her how to do things? Mrs. Wye—Oh, she doesn't mind.—Boston Transcript.

In law it is good policy never to plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you cannot.—Lincoln.

TO SEIZE ALL FOODSTUFFS

Bill in Commons to Give the British Government Power

PASSES IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Move of Secretary of Agriculture to Thwart Private Greed

London, Aug. 10.—Walter Runciman, secretary of agriculture, introduced a bill into the British House of Commons Saturday, giving the British government power to seize all foodstuffs. The bill passed through all its stages.

Mr. Runciman said his reason for introducing the bill was what he termed the "greed of wealthy people, who with a long line of automobiles had disgraced themselves by cornering the large stocks of provisions and causing great hardships among the poorer classes." He said he believed the panic was now over, but the government wished to be prepared in case of necessity.

REPORTED AID TO COTTON MEN.

Trade at New York Encouraged by the Prospects of Loans.

New York, Aug. 10.—Reports that New York bankers were considering the approval to advance southern cotton growers \$400,000,000 at the rate of \$40 per bale to assist in a gradual marketing of the new crop attracted considerable attention in the trade in New York Saturday, as such action would be considered a step in the direction of establishing a minimum value for the staple under war conditions. Something more definite in the way of measures for conserving the value of the crop is expected this week.

While talk in the local trade circles reflected rather a more optimistic feeling, business in spot cotton as well as in futures was reported absolutely at a standstill. Manchester cables dated Aug. 7, reporting business and shipments as practically suspended, with all quotations nominal.

Already, according to these cables, there has been a large stoppage of spindles and looms for an indefinite period, and it is feared that the number will be largely increased in the immediate future. Reports from New York dry goods circles indicate a large demand for heavy cotton goods from bag manufacturers, whose supplies of burlap have been shut out by war conditions.

WALL STREET'S VACATION.

Brokers Decide to Take a Rest, Pending Reopening of Exchange.

New York, Aug. 10.—Wall street was half deserted Saturday, and for the first time since the outbreak of the European war many of the leaders of finance at New York took a day of rest. The announcement Friday that the stock exchange would not reopen for some time put to an end reports of an early resumption of trading, and many brokers left the city for an indefinite vacation.

At the New York sub-treasury distribution of emergency currency went on slowly. Banks continued to settle obligations among themselves with clearing-house certificates, but it was expected that with the turn of the week the monetary situation would become perceptibly, particularly with regard to time loans and commercial paper.

WHEAT TAKES A BIG JUMP.

May Goes to 1.07 1/2 in Chicago on Heavy Buying.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Wheat prices soared Saturday to the highest level on the crop. Reports to the effect that the United States and British government officials are working on plans to expedite the movements of surplus wheat in this country to Europe started the buying of wheat.

May sold up to 1.07 1/2 and closed at that figure, with December closing at the even dollar mark, September sold up to and closed at 94 3/4. Net returns for the day were 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4 and from the top prices there was practically no reaction.

AMERICAN WOMAN KILLS SELF.

As a Result of Breakdown Caused by Privations.

London, Aug. 10.—Mrs. James T. Macy of Denver, Col., committed suicide here Saturday as a result of a nervous breakdown caused by the privations she had undergone since she was ordered out of her sick bed at Antwerp on Monday. She left her mother and child in Germany.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

There is much criticism of modern educational methods that require too much work of school children, allowing them too little time for play and preventing sufficient out-of-door exercise. When the study of music or any other accomplishment, with the necessary practice, is added, the strain is increased.

Under these conditions the blood becomes impoverished and fails to nourish the nerves. The child becomes restless, and twitching of the muscles follows. Sometimes the child stumbles in walking and drops what it tries to hold. Faintness, listlessness, restlessness and irritability are symptoms that early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a safe tonic for children, will build up the blood, strengthen the nerves and help to meet the demands of the growing child. Sufficient out-of-door exercise, nourishing food and ten hours sleep each day, with these tonic pills, will correct even long standing cases of St. Vitus' dance and will calm the nervous and most irritable child. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A booklet "Diseases of the Nervous System" will be sent free to any parent on request by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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BOY KILLED BY BOLT IN STORM

Is Crossing Pasture on His Bicycle—Other Lightning Damages.

Franklin, N. H., Aug. 10.—Cecil Collins, aged 16, the only son of George Collins of Hill, was struck and killed by lightning Saturday. He was riding a bicycle from his home, a mile out of Hill village, to town to stay with his aunt, Mrs. Eben D. Huse.

During the terrific shower he cut across lots, taking a path through a pasture. George Hill found him dead in the path.

The boy was popular and had worked in a mica shop in Hill. His mother is dead. His father is a farmer.

VILLA ORDERED SOUTH.

Carranza Will Lead Combined Force of 85,000 Men in Attack on Mexico City.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Gen. Francisco Villa was instructed at Saltillo, Mex., Friday by Gen. Carranza to start his division south to take part in the campaign against Mexico City. The joining of Villa in the campaign will present a force before Mexico City estimated at approximately 85,000 men. Military men in close touch with Mexican affairs declare they expect the federals will realize a victory of resisting. Gen. Carranza, it is announced, will take command of the combined constitutionalist forces when he reaches the south.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Rumors of a Carranzista mass meeting planned for Saturday at Mexico City having reached the government, a cordon of 500 police was thrown along the Paseo de la Reforma and neighboring streets and in the vicinity of the Clorinda de Colon. The manifestants failed to appear, however, and there was no disturbance. It is reported that martial law will be declared in the near future.

Antonio Released at Tampico.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Rear-Admiral Mayo reported Saturday that the Hamburg-American steamer Antonio had been released by the constitutionalist authorities at Tampico but was waiting there pending advice from the German government on account of the European war situation. Admiral Mayo also said that neither the German vice-consul nor any other Germans were under arrest at Tampico as had been reported.

KILLED AT BALLOON ASCENSION.

Baby in Newburyport Crowd Crushed by Falling Flag Pole.

Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 10.—A 40-foot flagpole toppled to the ground into the midst of a large crowd gathered for a balloon ascension at the North End Boat club Saturday, killing John Pray, an 11-month-old baby, in his carriage, and seriously injuring his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Pray, and William B. Squires. The balloon was anchored between two tall poles, one of which gave way when the flag was away against it in a strong gust of wind, and fell against the flagstaff, breaking it off three feet from the ground.

Many fans think that had it not been for the presence of Sam Crawford in the line-up of the Tigers, the Detroiters would be floundering around last place about now. Cobb has been absent from the line-up of the team most of the season and it has been Crawford's sensational hitting that has kept the team moving.

A False Standard of Culture has gained ground in this century which looks upon the bearing and rearing of children as something coarse and vulgar and to be avoided, but the advent of eugenics means much for the motherhood of the race. Happy is the wife who, though weak and ailing, depends upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore her to health and when headaches and backaches are far manifested by him make it difficult for the people of the state to understand him. They certainly cannot be expected to know just where he stands unless he first discovers that himself.

SEES REVELATION OF PROPHECY IN WAR

Evangelist Passebois at Gospel Tent Also Declares the World Is Facing the End of All Things.

Evangelist L. F. Passebois at the gospel tent last night declared that the prophecy of the seven seals denoted events of a religious character and contained the history of the church from the opening of the Christian era to the second coming of Christ, or the end of the world, in seven distinct periods of time. He said in part:

When the first seal in this prophecy is opened, as recorded in the first two verses of the sixth chapter, the prophet sees a white horse. The color of the horse denoted the purity of the church. The time covered by this seal was from the time of Christ to about A. D. 100. It was during this time that the superstitions of praying to dead saints, pilgrimages and processions, etc., came in and took the place completely, in the minds of the people of the pure and true gospel of Christ. That is what is signified by the color black. This church was the very opposite of the apostolic church, which was white.

In the fourth seal of the seventh and eighth verses, the prophet is shown a pale horse. The time covered by this seal is that known in history as the dark ages.

The next seal, the fifth, of verses nine to eleven, deals with the time of the Protestant reformation under Luther, and reveals that though the full vindication of the martyrs was to be delayed for a little season, yet finally God will terribly punish the persecutors for the martyrdom of His people. The sixth seal, of the twelfth to the seventeenth verse, the first thing noticed by the prophet was a great earthquake. This undoubtedly was the great earthquake of Lisbon, the greatest earthquake in the history of the world, which occurred in 1755.

The second thing the prophet sees under the sixth seal is that the sun was to be darkened, or there was to be a dark day. This happened on May 19, 1780.

Then the prophet sees the stars fall from heaven. This was fulfilled in the great meteoric shower of Nov. 13, 1833. After this the seal closes with the destruction of all earthly kingdoms. The end of the sixth seal is the end of the world. Therefore, we are living in this line of prophecy, between the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the sixth chapter of Revelations. We are facing the next event now, the departing of the heaven as a scroll when it is rolled together. We are facing the end of all things.

General Miles made the statement that the next war with the leading nations of Europe would be the bloodiest and the last war. Within ten days, eight of the nations of Europe have declared war, and who knows what the result may be? Are we at Armageddon? What has become of our peace congress?

The evangelist read a number of scriptures from the Bible showing that in the last days there would be a great movement for peace, but at the same time the nations would prepare for war and that God declares that the whole world would be involved in war, this will lead to the end of the world and the gathering of all around the great, white throne.

To-night the subject will be, "The Little Flock and the Invisible Host of God."

C. A. PROUTY'S POLITICS.

His Alleged Vacillating Attitude Commented on by Ludlow Tribune.

The senatorship looks good to the Honorable Charles A. Prouty. His originally avowed attitude of indifference to that sort of preferment has been abandoned and to the Vermont people he now presents the spectacle of a man who is willing to accept nomination by any party, and by every party, if only he can be assured of attaining the goal.

As indicated in the news columns of The Tribune last week, Mr. Prouty has told the Progressive managers that he would accept a nomination at the hands of that party; and as recently as the first day of August he announced that he would accept the same honor from the Republican party. Whether or not he would accept a straight nomination by the democracy remains to be seen.

An interesting feature of this Prouty situation is that the Progressive Advance, into the open arms of whose party this candidate has thrown himself, told us in its last issue that "Mr. Prouty is not a Republican." All of which, to our mind, greatly simplifies the situation and makes it fairly certain that this kaleidoscopic candidate will lose many votes that he had anticipated receiving. For if Mr. Prouty is not a Republican, he can hardly expect the loyal adherents of that great party to assist in furnishing him the figures that would carry him into the senatorship.

The Barton Monitor and some other supporters of the Prouty boom have been a bit worried over the impression prevailing in some quarters that their candidate would not accept the regular Republican nomination; and The Monitor said that if the report of Mr. Prouty's refusal to consider a Republican nomination were true, Mr. Prouty has made a mistake that will cost him many votes and possibly the election.

But The Monitor knows by this time that it need not worry on that score. Charles A. Prouty has held high position in national councils by the grace of Republican administrations, and the ability with which he has filled the duties of that position has been appreciated throughout the nation. When it comes to seeking preferment at the hands of Vermonters, however, he appears to be very much in the air and without a substantial standing ground. The fickleness and vacillation thus far manifested by him make it difficult for the people of the state to understand him. They certainly cannot be expected to know just where he stands unless he first discovers that himself.

The Tribune believes that Mr. Prouty has already lost many votes within a party for which he seems to have little use except as a temporary expedient, and many of whose supporters would prefer a candidate of a more distinct political stripe.

One reason why the Cardinals are showing such good form this season is because of the financial bonus offered. Should the club finish in either first or second position, the players will receive a bonus equal to 20 per cent. of their salaries.

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A TRIFLING MISTAKE

By THOMAS R. DUNN

I was dressing for dinner one evening when the telephone bell rang. Stepping to the instrument, I heard a very sweet feminine voice say:

"Is that you, Mr. Pemberton?"

"Yes, I'm Pemberton."

"You're to be at the corner of Eighth and Walnut this evening at 9. Take the cab you will find there and—"

"Who are you?" I asked, not understanding all this talk.

"I'm Edie Strong. You will be driven to the park entrance. Go to the fountain, where you will find Edith. Carry a rose in— Oh, heavens, some one is coming!"

There was a click and that was the end of these remarkable instructions. It was evident that there had been a call for some one bearing my name, and the telephone girl or the person calling or some one had made a mistake.

Now, I would not on any account take advantage of such a blunder to gratify curiosity, pry into other people's affairs or for any other purpose. But I felt it incumbent on me to correct the error if possible. This other Pemberton would not get the message intended for him, the driver of the cab might wait all night on his box, and Edie might grow so desperate as to drown herself in the fountain. It behooved me to set matters right.

I called up the telephone office and asked who had given me the last call. I might as well have asked the operator to tell me how many grains there are on an ear of corn. I looked in the directory for the name Pemberton, but mine was the only one there.

There was nothing for it but that I should go to the corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, take the cab, proceed to the fountain and tell Edith that she needn't wait any longer because the real—her real—Pemberton had not been informed of the meeting.

I confess I was somewhat curious to know why a conveyance had been provided and what was to be the upshot of the business. But I resolved simply to state that a mistake had been made and ask no questions. I thought it necessary to carry a rose in order that I should be recognized for the other fellow or I might as well stay away. So on my way to the place where I should meet the carriage I stopped at a flower shop and bought one. The cab was in position, and I opened the door. The driver asked if I was Mr. Pemberton, and I told him that I was. Then he drove me to the park. I alighted and went up the walk to the fountain.

Two girls were standing looking at the dripping water, and one of them on seeing the rose in my hand left her friend and made straight for me.

"I have come to tell you," I said, raising my hat, "that there has been a mistake."

"Good gracious! What's gone wrong? Is it all off?"

"A telephone message came to me this afternoon from a lady whom I don't know."

"Certainly you don't know her. You are not expected to know her."

"You see, I'm not—that is, there's only one person of my name in the telephone book."

"You're Mr. Pemberton, aren't you?"

"Certainly I'm Pemberton. There's no doubt about that, but—"

"Come! Let us hurry. We'll be too late. Maud told me that if I failed her it would break her all up; she wouldn't be able to get through with it."

If this young woman had been a scarecrow or suspicious looking I might have attempted further explanation. But she was as pretty as a peach, and if she wouldn't give me a chance it seemed to me that I was excusable for letting her have her way.

Putting her arm through mine, she hurried me to the cab. We got in, and the cabman drove away without any instructions. I presumed he had been given them before.

"Now I'll explain," said my kidnaper. "You see, Maud Farnsworth and Ned Bigles have been dead in love with each other for a long while. Maud's parents think they know better than Maud wants to marry than she does herself. She and Ned are to be married secretly, and you and I are to be the witnesses."

"Oh! That's all?"

"That's all! Why, isn't that a good deal?"

"But please tell me what I have to do with it."

"Why, Maud has made all the arrangements. She asked me whom I would like to take me to the parsonage, and I said it didn't matter to me; she might find some one herself. She said she would and made all the arrangements."

I leaned back on the cushion and chuckled.

"